

SOMETHING WONDERFUL

The New Experience of an American Traveler Abroad.

He Actually Runs Across a Man in a Barber Shop Who Willingly Yields His "Next" Privilege to Another.

A New Yorker who recently returned to the city after a foreign tour says that he enjoyed one experience while abroad the like of which he never before heard of, says the Sun of that city. "During my life in New York, for forty years," he said, "I have met plenty of nice people and seen more acts of courtesy and deeds of kindness than would fill a book. I have known of a skinflint giving money to the needy, and of a passenger in an elevated car resigning his seat to a woman, and of a Wall street man with Christian symptoms, and of a smoldering handkerchief lighting a cigar right end foremost to a stranger who asked a light, and of a human being who always had a match when anybody needed one, and of a woman who would do on the beauty of another without jealousy, and of an entertainer who would cut for his guest a better piece of porterhouse steak than he kept for himself, and even of a curmudgeon who would, upon occasion, give proof that there was a streak of virtue in him. All such things one can safely expect at times in the world.

"But, though I have been a customer at barbers' shops in New York for twenty years, I never saw and never heard of a case in which a man who, when it came his turn to get in the chair for a shave, and when the barber cried 'Next!' would resign his place to any other man in waiting. He will stick up for his rights there against the world." I have seen many a quarrel, and two or three fights, between men waiting to get shaved, when there was a crowd, as to which one came in first. I was angry myself one day when a fellow who had been getting his boots blacked in the rear of the barber shop, and whom I had not seen, stepped up to a chair which I was about to take, and said he had come in before me. No matter if another man is in a hurry, or if he must catch a train, or if his wife is anxious about him because he is too late for dinner, you won't give up your turn in the barber's chair on his account. There is one of his rights a man will stand up for, and you can see it at the barber's.

"When I went abroad I found the same thing in England and France. In London once I asked a barber if he could not put me ahead, and he answered sharply that he would not do it for the bank of England. The Parisians are polite everywhere except in the barber's shop when their turn comes, and you would have to fight a duel if you asked one of them to let you get shaved before him because your soap was growing cold.

"It was in my programme, after seeing the French and English, to take a trip through the highlands of Scotland. I saw plenty of historic spots as I made my way far up on the Grampian hills, where the frugal swains fed their flocks, and further yet, where the fishermen breast the waves; but I would give them all away for an experience I had when I reached an ancient town beyond the Grampians one Saturday afternoon. At the inn I asked for a barber, as I wanted to go to church the next day, and must be shaved. When I got to the barber's place his only chair was filled, and four or five customers were waiting their turn. In a few moments the chair was emptied, and I expected that one of the men would spring into it. Not a man moved. The barber looked at me, smiled, and told me he was ready for me. I said to him in a low voice that several others had been there before me. 'I dinna mind that,' he replied. 'You're a stranger up here, maybe an American, and the stranger always comes first wi' us.' I glanced at the other men as if to apologize or to secure their assent. 'Aye,' said one of them, 'the stranger must always be first here; we can wait.' I took the chair with thanks, and the price of a shave was two-pence.

"The seven wonders of the world, all put together, and with the addition of Cleopatra's Needle in the Central park, would not have impressed me as deeply as I was impressed by this romantic incident, never before paralleled in my experience. I have traveled from Boston to Chicago, from Cripple Creek to New Orleans, without ever hearing of a thing of the kind.

"I do not suppose that many Americans possess sufficient brain power to believe in the literal truth of this incident; yet, for all that, it is true as the Grampian hills of the highlands of Scotland, where it occurred. I have told the story to two or three Scotchmen since I came back to New York, but they did not think there was anything curious or sensational about it."

She Knew Them.

At a teachers' association in Newark the other day a class of small children were giving an exercise in phonics. The teacher had received correct answers to descriptions she had given them of trees, wood, etc., and then thought she would describe a brook. "What do you find running through the woods, moving silently on the ground, with but little noise?" she asked. For a long time the little ones were quiet, and then a little hand was raised. "Well, Bessie, what is the answer?" the teacher questioned, smilingly. "A brook," piped out the little one.

BEES FORM FRIENDSHIPS.

Experiences of a Young Man to Whom They Took a Liking.

"I always loved bees," said the young man in gold-rimmed glasses behind the dairy counter as he handed down a honeycomb for the inspection of an idle customer, according to the New York Sun. "When I was on the farm," he continued, "I could go all about the hives and not get stung, and none of the others dared go near the bees. We used to have an old farmer come around and tend to the swarms, but one day when I was a boy working in the fields I heard a great humming noise up in the air and saw a swarm a-comeing. Well, I picked up a tin pan that was there and hammered on it till the bees settled on the end of a fence rail. Then I thought I could tend to the swarm as well as the old farmer, so I got an old hive, washed it out with honey and water, rubbed my hands and arms with burdock juice and honey water, and went at the bees. I got them off that rail by the handful and they never stung me.

"After that I regularly tended to the bees. Whenever there was a swarm I rolled up my sleeves, took off my shoes and hat, and went at them. I have taken them from all sorts of places, but I was never stung only once. They'd light on my head by the dozen and crawl through my hair. That used to send cold chills down my back. Sometimes my arms were so covered with bees that from wrist to elbow you couldn't see the flesh. The one time when I was stung I had found a swarm on a high limb and was sewing it off, and at the same time holding on to it that it should not fall to the ground with the bees. In doing this I squeezed one of the bees, and it flew straight at my temple and stung me just above the eye. Since I left the farm the folks have given up the bee business. There's no doubt about it, bees like some folks and hate others, and I don't know any reason for the difference."

NAPOLEON'S HORSES.

The Little Corporal Was Very Fond of the Noble Animals.

In the present revival of interest in Napoleon, little attention has been paid to his love for horses. A study of this side of his nature would reveal some interesting facts. In Egypt Napoleon ordered the capture of every horse ridden by the Mamelukes where capture was possible. Nearly every horse taken was shipped to France, as many of them were of the Arab type. One of the ships on which some of the captured horses were shipped was wrecked in attempting to escape from an English frigate. Another ship on which Junot sailed was captured, and Junot was made a prisoner. When Napoleon heard the news, he expressed more regret for the loss of the horses than he did for that of his favorite secretary, afterward marshal of France.

The horses that arrived safely on French soil have left their mark on the horses of France and this country. Their descendants can be seen every day on the streets of New York. They have driven the Clydesdales and English shire horses out of the American markets, and the smoothly turned, trippery, rapid walking, active Normans and Percherons are the result of the capture of the horses of the Mamelukes by Napoleon in Egypt. Their blood lines were so strong that the grays predominate, and it is a common occurrence to see horses that weigh upwards of one thousand pounds with the clear-cut head, wide throat, sharp-pointed ear and beautiful, mild eye of the Arab type.

TOO MANY GIRLS.

What They Do in China When Such Is the Case.

As maid-of-all-work, the Chinaman has won a fair reputation; but he is undoubtedly wrong on the woman question. A correspondent of Frank Leslie's Monthly tells of her Chinese servant's peculiar conduct when twin girls were born to the household. Sae Kung had been with us three years, when twin daughters blessed our home. He came in to look at them, and laid a new coin on their pillows and some tiny cups under the crib, and then asked: "Him girls or she boys?" We said, two girls. His face was a study, and wildly waving his hands, with the gesture of wringing the neck of a fowl, he said:

"Too much girlie; ling him neck in China. Too much girlie cost too much; allee time want nice clothes. Too much boys good, 'cause they makee muchee money in the banks."

When he came in the next morning he said: "Me likee you belly (very) much, but me no likee to stay in any place where him gettee two girlies allee same time."

He Made Us Numerous and Elegant Presents.

such as beautifully embroidered mantel draperies and highly colored silk handkerchiefs, and some pretty china trinkets and ornaments for "them too much girlies," and left our employ.

Healed Up.

Lawyers are not more free than other public speakers from slips of the tongue. Mr. Asquith, of the English cabinet, in a recent speech in parliament, said: "Let it be known, gentlemen, that of those just demands we abate not one jot or tittle!" A few days later an English judge, after a policeman had testified that he had found the prisoners in bed with their clothes on, asked, in amazement: "Do you mean to say that they had gone to boot with their beds on?"

THE GREELEY COLONY.

A Happy People and a High Standard of Public Morals.

The Greeley colony was composed of the best elements of eastern citizenship; and the first and most important lesson it teaches is that people of this class are responsive to such a call as Mr. Meeker put forth. He did not appeal to the instinct of speculation. He pleaded for new institutions, and aimed at high ideals; and he found that men of culture and of means were ready to cooperate heartily in such an undertaking. This fact lends encouragement to those who are hoping for great things to come from the development of the arid region.

The site of the Greeley colony, writes W. G. Smythe in Century, was not well chosen—or, at least, it did not in all respects meet the expectations of those who selected it. They were therefore unable to realize all their plans. They made some serious miscalculations. For instance, they estimated the cost of their canals at twenty thousand dollars, while the actual cost was more than twenty times as great. Fruit-culture was mentioned in the prospectus as certain to be an important industry, but the soil and climate proved unsuitable. The dream of an improved household economy, based on a plan for cooperative bakeries and laundries, also proved delusive. There were other disappointments; but the fundamental claims of irrigation were all vindicated at Greeley, as they have been whenever and wherever brought fairly to the test.

A few years of intelligent labor brought a high degree of average prosperity, based upon substantial foundations. Even the severe panic of the summer of 1893 did not materially disturb these foundations. During those trying weeks, when mines and smelters shut down, and banks and stores closed their doors, water, soil and sunshine continued to do their perfect work in the Union colony. Greeley seemed like an oasis of prosperity in a desert of despair. The farmers received as the reward of the summer's labor more than a million dollars in cash for the single item of potatoes. But this is the chief crop at Greeley, after the necessities of life have been provided for; and the wide reputation and handsome financial returns won for the Greeley potato illustrate the wisdom of a surplus crop of the highest quality.

Greeley's civic institutions are like her potatoes. They represent the best standard available, and are the pride of the people. To sell any kind of intoxicating liquor within the boundaries of the Union colony invalidates the title to the soil. This is one of the original plans that worked well; and the schools, churches, libraries and lyceums are all in keeping with this high standard of public morals. A careful study of the development of Greeley, alike in its social and industrial aspects, would throw much more light upon the problems of arid America; but this cannot be entered upon now.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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